

Pump Me

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“Pump me,” she says. It is not a request.

I enter the room apprehensively, closing the door behind me with a soft click. Her dress — flawlessly polished, clinging to every curve — reflects what little light the darkness allows in its domain. She sits, then reclines on the bed, itself clad in sheets of material that match her outfit. She hikes her skirt hem up to her hips, not an invitation so much as an instruction: “Pump me.”

I’d dreamed of this. I’d wished for this. Had I been careful about what I’d wished for? I quickly let my clothes fall away — mere fetters now, needless. I try not to stare at the fantasy before me and fail. Deep auburn locks, cascading in waves around a face of alabaster, emerald eyes staring through me, as soft lips utter her incantation once more: “Pump me.”

I approach her tight, shiny form — already seemingly pressurized — fully ready to engage. I feel a deep and urgent need to follow her instruction.

Warmth welcomes me as I enter; she gasps slightly as our bond creates a firm and satisfying seal. I have never felt such a perfect, pleasurable union. Her eyelids flutter closed. “Pump me,” she smiles.

A series of thrusts, deliberate and slow at first. With each repetition...a hiss? I try to let myself believe this is finally happening. With each smooth stroke, the seal reaffirms itself. I begin to sense pressure beneath me.

“Pump me,” she purrs, adjusting her hips to an optimal angle. The dim light dances around her contours; the outline of her breasts subtly expands as I watch. Lubricated latex stretches and shifts; she grows. Beneath my hips, the dress quietly but audibly announces the increase in pressure below her waist.

Trying to balance my excitement with my responsibility, I attempt to focus on maintaining the rhythm. But I cannot deny what I am witnessing, what I am experiencing. She is inflating, and I am the pump.

“Pump me” — part encouragement, part command. Her figure now visibly swells, an obvious pair of balloons above and a steadily growing cushion below my steadily thrusting hips. Every push increases the pressure; every stroke finishes with a tight seal.

I have never known pleasures like this; I have only dreamed how this might feel. “Pump me,” she urges, the rhythmic hiss now deeper in tone. The rubber dress strains to contain and restrict every increasing curve. She winces at its defiance with her own, and wins. She is astounding. I want to give her everything she desires and more.

More is what she desires. "Pump me," she cries, and I am compelled. As all parts of her body now swell lusciously, I am gently pushed further away, struggling to stay balanced atop an hourglass of fantasy. Her near-spherical breasts almost obscure my view of her deliriously captivated face. I finally feel the curve of her belly begin to press against my own.

I maintain my pace. My thrusts have become more forceful, by pressurized necessity. I am acutely aware of the pressure with every pump, and we are both in ecstasy. But I can feel the tension beneath me is reaching its peak. She is unyielding, in every sense. She is insistent, taut...dangerous. She is full.

"Pump me," she gasps.

I cannot harm this beautiful creature. "You'll burst," I whisper.

Her eyes squeeze shut. A sly smile forms on her lips.

"Pump me."